

MAROON AND GOLD MEETS DEFEAT

Normal School Soccer Team Bows
To Delmar in Close
Contest

CAGE SQUAD AT WORK

On Wednesday, November 21st, the doughty Maroon and Gold warriors went down to defeat at the hands of Delmar H. S., runners-up for the championship of Wicomico County. The S. N. S. team, heartened by their crushing victory over Hebron two weeks before, trotted out on the field with high hearts and smiling countenances. During the first half neither team scored due to the fine defensive work on both sides, but in the second one of the teachers fouled a Delmar man and the ensuing kick placed Delmar in the lead 1-0. The game continued with Salisbury unable to score and in the last few minutes of the game Delmar kicked a field goal and clinched the win. At first it appeared that this last goal would be disallowed as an off-side play, but the referee decided otherwise and the score at the end of the game was: Delmar 3, M. S. N. S. 0. The line-up for S. N. S. was:

Lord, c.f.
Ellis, r.o.f.
Vail, r.i.f.
Burton (capt.), L.o.f.
Collins, l.f.
Miciotto, c.h.b.
Matthews, r.h.b.
Huffer, l.h.b.
Bryan, r.f.b.
Brown, l.f.b.
Fisher, g.

In the absence of Bob Smith, who plays regularly on forward line, Phil Vail was substituted and played a very creditable game.

Owing to the late start in soccer, S. N. S. was able to schedule only three games and finished the season with a .500 average. The results of each game are as follows:

M. S. N. S., 2; Wicomico High, 2.
M. S. N. S., 10; Hebron, 2.
M. S. N. S., 0; Delmar, 3.

Basket ball now draws the school interest and as soon as an adequate place to practice can be arranged for, the boys will organize their cage team. Though Bob Smith was unable to be in the soccer line-up this year because of his illness, we expect to see some flashy floor-work from him during the basket ball season.

The soccer and field ball teams sincerely appreciate what little school support has been given them and would certainly like to see a red hot cheering section led by a competent cheer leader when the basket ball season opens.

Y. W. PRESENTS ANNUAL PROGRAM

Every year at our last assembly just before Thanksgiving holidays the Y. W. C. A. gives a program in assembly. This year the new auditorium made an ideal setting for the following program which was quite beautifully presented.

Prayer—Mary Dennis
Song—Follow The Gleam, Y. W. C. A.
Official Proclamation of Thanksgiving—Emma Jones
Play—"The Thankful Heart."
Reading—"Thankfulness." Ruth Scott

Benediction—Dr. John Reed

At the conclusion of the program Dr. W. J. Holloway congratulated the association on the appropriateness of its selections. He then presented the silver loving cup to the Junior field ball team in commemoration of their victory over the Senior team in the annual battle.



M. S. N. S. SOCCER TEAM

Front row: Left to right—Collins, Miciotto, Burton (capt.), Matthews, Lord; top row—Smith, Bryan, Brown, Fisher, Huffer, Ellis.

P. T. A. PLANTS TREES ON CAMPUS

On Tuesday, November the 20th, at 4 P. M. the State Parent and Teachers Association through Mrs. Harry Leverly, President of the Annapolis P. T. A., presented to the Maryland State Normal School at Salisbury a silver leaf linden tree. As Mrs. Leverly threw spadeful of dirt on the roots of this tree she said, "May you enjoy the beauty of this tree as well as we enjoyed your charming hospitality."

Dr. W. J. Holloway, when accepting the tree in the behalf of the State Normal School, said in return, "We shall think of this tree as being symbolic of the deep rooted permanent interest of the Parent Teacher Association in public education."

Following the planting of the linden tree the group proceeded to the northern part of the campus where Dr. Harry B. Humphrey, of Montgomery County, Seventh Vice President and Chairman of the Health Department of Maryland Congress of Parents and Teachers, presented to M. S. N. S. in behalf of the Maryland Congress of Parents and Teachers an oak tree.

Dr. Humphrey said that the oak tree is truly characteristic of Maryland Congress of Parents and Teachers because of the fact that the oak is a father and mother tree and the P. T. A. is a father and mother organization. After this Mrs. L. W. Farinholt, of Baltimore, read a poem, "Trees", by (Continued on Page 6)

PRESIDES AT STATE MEETING

While we were all headed for home sweet home for our Thanksgiving holidays, our Director of Training, Miss Edna Marshall, was finishing her plans for the annual meeting of the Teacher's Association in Baltimore, Md. Last year we remember Miss Marshall was elected to the position of president of the organization as the second woman to hold that office in Maryland. The meeting this year was held in the new Baltimore City College and opened at a general meeting on Friday evening, November 30.

There were many well-known men who addressed these general meetings. Among them were: Dr. David Suedden, Professor of Education at Columbia University; and Dr. William F. Russell, Dean of Teacher's College, Columbia University. Following Dr. Russell's address on Saturday morning Dr. Charles W. Sylvester was elected to succeed Miss Marshall as president of the organization.

The musical programs had been very carefully planned, and were greatly enjoyed, especially the one presented by the All Maryland High Schools Orchestra, consisting of ninety high school students.

Other members of faculty in attendance at the meeting were Dr. W. J. Holloway, Mr. T. J. Caruthers, Mrs. Lucy Bennett, Miss Gladys E. Feidler, Miss Helen Jamart and Miss Anne (Continued on Page 4)

PROGRAM GIVEN BY MEN'S GLEE CLUB

Assembly program by our boys
Oh girls, wasn't it a wow?
The first appearance in public
Did we enjoy it?—and how!

For the first time in the history of the normal school "our boys" took entire charge of an assembly program. We were delightfully entertained with various forms of music and song. There were several choruses by the entire Boys' Glee Club, including Mr. T. J. Caruthers. Several duets were rendered by Norman Ellis and John Lord. The selection causing the most enjoyment and applause was, "These Bones Gonna Rise Again," sung by Mr. Lord, accompanied by Mr. Ellis on the guitar.

We hope to have the pleasure of enjoying this newly organized talent again soon.

CROWD EXPECTED AT HOME-COMING

The annual Home Coming Day for the alumni of S. N. S. this year falls on Saturday, December 15. When the graduates arrive Saturday they will be welcomed by the present students and faculty at a tea-dance. Many are expected to be present and to have an enjoyable time.

After the dinner which will be served for them at school, the beautiful candle-light service will be held. At this service, the alumni will pledge their loyalty and devotion to the school and to the things for which it stands. Immediately following this symbolic ceremony, the business and experience meeting will be held.

The present students are more eager to welcome back those who have gone before, and the staff of the Holly Leaf extends sincere greetings to all Alumni.

NEW AUDITORIUM INFORMALLY OPENED

Excellent Operetta Presented By
Elementary School In
Assembly

DR. HOLLOWAY SPEAKS

In the halls the girls were forming two by two. Eagerness and that keen expression which always precedes realization of a long-cherished hope shone on the faces of all; On the faces of the Seniors who had watched our new auditorium grow; On the faces of the Juniors who had waited to feel this thrill since their arrival in September; And on the faces of the faculty who have watched the school develop. Two by two. And why? For the first time the whole student body entered the auditorium in its informal opening on November 20, 1928. Two rows marching toward a blaze of maroon and gold which was our curtain and toward our seal, Salisbury Normal—did we feel it? The brief services Dr. Holloway conducted were appropriately of Thanksgiving and praise. Following this the elementary school, under the direction of Miss Feidler, presented a charming little operetta called "Mellolot."

They had given this operetta the previous evening at the opening session of the state P. T. A. meetings in the Wicomico Hotel ballroom. The characters were as follows:

Mellolot, Jeanne Holloway,
Turtle Woman, Ruth Morris,
Silver Dollar, Robert Atkinson,
Silver Quarters, Robert Holloway,
Jack Hodges, Richard Grier,
Silver Dime, Carlyle Phillips,
Dock Dodder, and Squill, Wade Caruthers, Henry White, Calvin Livingston.

Fairies, Elinor Long and Margaret Townsend.

Their was the first performance to be given in our new building and their rendering of it quite equalled the occasion.

When we do have our formal opening, we shall still remember our first time there, when we gathered as an informal household.

JUNIORS DEFEAT SENIOR TEAM

Rah! Rah! Juniors! Seniors! Set the team through; they are anxious to start. There goes the whistle! Come on, team, fight!

What, when, and where? What's it all about? What? Junior-Senior field ball game. When? Let me see—yes, Monday, November 26th. Where? Salisbury Normal School grounds.

The members of both teams started the game with smiling faces and filled with confidence. Jumping, running, and bumping—then the whistle! The first quarter already? The score was 6-2 in favor of the Juniors. "Keep up the fight, Seniors it's only the first quarter" rang the yells from the Seniors.

Through the remainder of the game both teams fought well, but the Juniors proved to be the better team as they won with a score of 11-2.

The Junior team was well rewarded for their hard earned victory by a beautiful silver loving cup. I am sure the Seniors were envious of them. May this be a game that will be remembered as the first friendly contest between the classes of '29 and '30, won by the Juniors.

The line-up was as follows:

Seniors—Behrens, g.; Hudson, r.f.b.; Dennis, l.f.b.; Carey, r.h.b.; Nell, c.h.b.; Marks, l.h.b.; Dewilde, r.o.f.; Godfrey, r.i.f.; Horsey, c.; Jones, Tingle, l.o.f.
Juniors—Beauchamp, g.; Cherrix, l.f.b.; Holloway, r.f.b.; Timmons, l.h.b.; Robinson, c.h.b.; Burlin, r.h.b.; Scott, r.i.f.; Bonner, c.; Gretzinger, l.f.f.; Taylor, l.o.f.



The Holly Leaf

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DECEMBER, 1928

THE REAL SPIRIT

It is not bonanza, I hope, to say that we, as teachers, will be closer to the real, fundamental spirit of life than those in any other profession, in our efforts to help the child learn the rudiments of good living, it seems that we should put ourselves on a plane where we can see everything in a simple manner, not influenced by petty, selfish considerations.

In our celebrations of the holidays, to instance, we should pride ourselves on preserving the real, basic spirit and purpose of the occasion. This spirit was shown to us in its advantage in this normal school recently, just before the Thanksgiving holiday. The service held in our auditorium was one of quiet gratitude to the Father for all His bounties. There was not a person present who did not feel, in some small way, that he had come a little closer to the real spirit of Thanksgiving.

This, however, was not hard to do, since everyone felt joyful at the thought of seeing their loved ones again. But oh, what a sorrowful lack of Christmas spirit is shown by the world in general, with its worry and preparation, its greed and envy, its selfishness and selfishness! How far we have strayed from that first holy night when men prayed, sang, and offered sacrifices to the newborn Savior! Few and far between are those who are truly joyful and thankful on this blessed day. In its attention to the details of celebration, the world has almost lost sight of the wonderful fact that it is celebrating the time when Christianity and all its blessings first came to the world, in the person of a tiny Baby—the little Lord Jesus.

Let us not, then, get the way of the world in this respect. Let us try to seek the real spirit of loving-kindness and joyful giving that will show that at last, we, as future teachers of the young, have found the right attitude toward Christmas—and, through that, toward all life.

ARE YOU A SLACKER?

"Enthusiasm is the keynote of success." Considering this, can Salisbury Normal School succeed if we do not show enthusiasm in the minor activities as well as the major? Some students may think the activities for which they do not receive credit are not beneficial to them and say, "Why bother with the little things? One achieves more recognition for accomplishing the great."

Why do so many students lack interest in athletics? Why is there not at ways a crowd on the field to cheer S. N. S. to victory? Must the team fight alone? On the field you learn to be just a little more fair and square with your friends; you learn honesty and sportsmanship. Is this not enough gain for your efforts? Perhaps the visible achievements will not be as distinguished as those obtained by being a bookworm, but are not the inner results lasting and necessary to future success?

Let's all band together for the best interests of the school. Whether in the classroom or on the field we must unite, and pull in the same direction. We must show the enthusiasm we feel. We must support worthwhile activities. "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

WHAT IS CHRISTMAS?

Christmas with all its glorious festivity draws again, and amidst all the hurry and bustle of preparation for the coming event, I sit down and ponder on the real meaning of Christmas. Is it a mere holiday, a season for the giving and receiving of expensive gifts? Certainly not. But what is it? What should it mean to me as a normal school student?

Suddenly the answer came to me. Christmas is not only a celebration of the birth of Christ, it is a memorial to the birth of faith. No matter how tedious the celebration, there is about the Christmas season a sense of hushed expectancy—a soothing current of faith and hope made new. However dark the days may seem, there is the tiny spark of newborn faith to commemorate the birth of our Savior. Is it asking too much that we, as normal school students, be able to say "I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith?"

CARNEAN MASCOT UTTERS WARNING

Cock-a-Boodle Do

"Cock-a-oodle do!"
My voice is clear and true.
If I disturb your morning's rest,
It's just to say Carneans are best.
Cock-a-oodle do!"
My voice is clear and true.
Normal school, do you hear him?
Everywhere you turn, the white rooster with the heart of gold and a ribbon of green around his neck will meet you. Everywhere you turn he crows. You may notice his tail feathers have been torn out but also that new ones are growing—stronger and more beautiful for the pulling. He's crowing "Hello—and Welcome." He'll crow thru the rest of the year for CARNEAN.

"SHE"

This article is dedicated to She, the lovable, the inevitable, the great American school teacher, who has come down through the ages with one appellation, She. A distinguishing characteristic of the American child is a tendency to forget that the teacher who labors day and night to mark neural paths along the blank surface of his stubborn, resistant gray matter possesses any other name than the one which is used, has been used, and will be used for years to come to designate a teacher, She.

Let us suppose a child is recounting a day's experience in school to a friend. Perhaps his conversation would run somewhat as follows:

"And there I was having a swell time blowing up that bag until She looked over. And did she gimme heck!"
Then there are those street car orations which echo and re-echo through the car, and which are plentifully sprinkled with "she's."

"And she told me I'd never make a teacher if I had that attitude."

"She said our section was the noisiest in the building."

"When she heard it you should have seen her face."

Thus it goes. It's never necessary in speaking of school, to pronounce the teacher's name. Why worry, when she, significant she, will suffice?

The famous She of the Caves of Kor

WHAT A SENIOR THINKS OF US

Our Carnean rivals are as big as we. And happy, and gay as society can be; And we? We are happy and gay all the same, Just having a time to live up to our name.

Here's something else that I'd like to tell. When we have a game, why we yell and we yell; And then our Mickey is full of glee To find out just what the score's "gonna" be.

Oh Gee Whiz! I'll tell you what it is, I think it's just great, those actions. And Carnean Rooster struts over the place. Like we was a lady befriended with lace.

Give thanks to our officers and adviser too. Miss Willis is fine and loyal and true; And then, I know you'd all like to hear That we're having to work our hardest this year.

Upon being asked to write her opinion of the Bagleian Society one girl said "Do you want me to say all the nice things and pad them with 'apple-sauce'?" The answer was, "No, we want honest opinion, straight from the shoulder!"

Naturally if these honest opinions had been too adverse we would never have published them. Since, on the other hand, they are very favorable we believe it is worthwhile to let the world know that the Juniors have become Bagleians in spirit as well as in name.

I wanted to be a Carnean. My big sister is a Carnean and of course had fired me with enthusiasm to be one and best the Bagleians this year. But now, eight weeks later, I'm glad I'm a Bagleian. I'm determined we shall win again! Of course we shall! Look at our gang! Our meetings are snappy and peppy and are developing some real spirit.

Way back in the days of early September a home sick Junior perched upon a third floor window seat and gazed through tear-dimmed eyes over the campus. Through the glimmering tears one object stood out distinctly. It was the sign on the boardwalk, Bagleian Winners '28. That became my guide post. Come on Bagleians, let's put up some more guide posts this year.

A. A. "KIE" PARTY

How many people will always remember November 19, 1927? Why? First, it commemorated the day one year ago when our organization was founded; second, it brought back happy memories of the scheduled work which we did last year; third, it stimulated us for the coming year.

How are we going to celebrate this each year? Who knows? How did we celebrate it this year?

Rah! Rah! Rah!
By a kid party!

With a "Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" the members of the Athletic Association came rushing into room 115. What did all of this excitement and noise mean? What was happening anyway? Every one was dressed as a kid. The celebration was ready to start. The music began to play. Each person found his or her partner and the dance was soon in full swing.

After each dance, games were played. Refreshments were served at 9:45, and all rushed to their rooms just in time to hear the 10 o'clock bell ring.

was deathless. Reincarnated, she lived forever from age to age. The She of the American classroom is also, deathless, for, teacher after teacher, in each generation will be called by this name. And in this guise will she never die! The Tower Light, M. S. N. S., Towson, Md.

GLEE CLUB ANNUAL PROM

Nine o'clock on November 24, the halls of S. N. S. were resounding with laughter and talk. Guests stood around in groups, the brilliant colors of the girls' evening dresses in sharp contrast with the conventional black and white of their escorts' garb. Laughter and smiles everywhere. What has happened? They have lined in couples and the orchestra has begun.

"Good evening, Eva. Allow me to present, Mr. Blank, Miss Funk."
"How do you do, Mr. Blank. Mr. Blank, this is Mr. Jones."
"Mr. Blank? Miss Feidler permit me to introduce Mr. Blank."

"How do you do, Mr. Blank? Dr. Holloway, Mr. Blank."
"We are glad to have you with us Mr. Blank. Mrs. Holloway, let me present Mr. Blank."

"Good evening, Mr. Blank."

And then the grand march. Eleven o'clock. Our little golden harvest moon peeping at us shyly from the corner—laughing at the gay impudent faces, and thoroughly satisfied that his bright beams should rest on such lovely autumn colorings. Gayety and happiness. And in the red brick wall were three fair maidens who dipped out the punch. Suddenly one went the moon. On came the lights and the couples drifted to the sides of the ballroom until they were served with brick cream and cake.

One o'clock; confetti; more laughter and snatches of song among the dancers. "For there's no place like home." The moon winked out quite shyly. The annual Glee Club Dance was over.

AND IT HAPPENED ON ROW 13

"Are you ready for your position comfortable? Really, we should have brought robes!"

What was going on back of me was quite a mystery. Who in the world could be taking time out from a foot ball game to be so solicitous of his companion's comfort? Quite naturally I yielded to my impulses and turned squarely around to see—no, the young man and attractive girl whom I had expected, but—two old men with horn rimmed spectacles and spots where their heads showed through their hair. I faced them immediately for the front row was certainly more interesting than the one on row 13. Still, just like me, I listened in on the conversation which continued.

"Are you sure you're comfortable?"
"Yes, thank you quite sure."
"Let's see, this is Saturday isn't it?"
"Yes, why?"
"What shall we do tonight?"
"I'll agree to anything."
"How about dinner and a show?"
"Suit me."

"You know, we really must do something. Saturday night is the best night in this town—too good to waste."
"Where shall we eat?"
"O, I'll find some snappy little joint. What I'm thinking about is finding a good show."

"We'll have to go the whole way in town to buy tickets, won't we?"
"No, we can phone for seats."
"O, can we?"

"Yes, is that a paper there? Let's see what's on and where."
"How about this?"
"Never."
"O look here's an antique. I saw it ages ago."
"Here's one."
"No—awful service at that house!"
"Here's something."
"Haven't you ever seen that?"
"O, I really want to see this."
"Good, we'll try that one." (There was a brief pause. Then.)

"Isn't that atrocious playing?"
"Just look at that. He might have known that the ball would have been intercepted on that trip."

"I bet thousands of the alumni are listening to us this."

"I'll bet! Say how do you fix your radio batteries?"

"O, I send them to the shop."
"Don't do that any more. Just do this and so, thus and so, thus and so and what not."

"Thanks, I'll try that the next time I have my radio."

(Continued on Page 5)

TERM EVENTS PROGRAM

Given by Senior 1

This letter was taken from a Current Events Program on term events given by Senior 1 in their last class in Rural Sociology with Miss Wilson.

M. S. N. S.
Dec. 6, 1928

Dear Mother:

I received your letter this morning and it cheered me up quite a bit, but I am about as downhearted as ever now; I took three stiff tests today. We have been having tests all week and will be having them again tomorrow.

It has been nothing but hard work here since I came. We have been making something all the time, Large Units, Scrap Books, etc. You probably don't know what they're all about. Well, honestly, I don't either.

Just let me name over the things I have to do tonight, "Catch up" three notebooks, make charts in Hygiene, outline forty pages in History, read Lickley, and make six drawings in Biology, and file cards for six books for card cataloging.

It is now seven o'clock so I must close and begin to work my brain on something that I don't know what, how, or why to do.

Will write more in the morning.
Your dear little Junior in Normal
Frl. A. M.

Let me tell you about the wonderful time I had last night, but first let me apologize for the terrible things I said about Normal life in my letter last night. I was just downhearted because I had so much work to do, but there wasn't so much to do after all. I finished all those things named last night by nine o'clock, then I got my shower and put my pajamas on. Just then I heard a "rap-a-tap-tap" on the door and in walked a Senior and asked my room-mates to join them in a party in Room 336 from 9:30 to 10 o'clock.

Well, I'll not say how pleased we were, but here's what we did—we had an orchestra (a boy one of course) and dancing. Gee, but we had fun! Everyone sat on the floor, the lights were turned out and ghost stories were told. I was afraid to move after hearing them, but when the lights were turned on the refreshments were served. Then the ten o'clock bell rang, and that was the end of the good time.

Almost forgot to tell you about my History Scrap Book. I found out this morning that I got A on it.

Life isn't so tough after all. It's time for class so I'll have to stop.

Love
Your Junior

P. S. I want sister to come here next year.

AND IT HAPPENED ON ROW 13

(Continued from Page 2)

"Aren't you getting cold?"
"No, I'm just tired of that wild playing."

"Humph—you can't expect any better from that bunch."
"Say, how about inviting Tom Williams to go out with us tonight?"
"What? What did you say? Man, just how long has it been since you've been in Philadelphia? You remind me of Rip Van Winkle."

"Why, I haven't been here for about six years. Why not invite Tom?"
"Well, it's just this way. Tom's married! And we don't want any wives on this party."

"I should say so! He married a girl with the most explosive disposition I ever bumped up against."

"Exit Tom!"
"Seriously now, I can't stand this game much longer. It bores me dreadfully."

"O maybe we can stick it out."
"Nothing doing. It's just one grand fumble. Come on, we're going."

The touchdown which was in the process of being made quite evidently didn't attract their attention.

They left.

Our Historic Eastern Shore



TAYLOR'S ISLAND

Maryland, the "Old Line State," settled by the English in 1634, is nearly divided by the Chesapeake Bay. Its Eastern Shore, the land of peace and plenty, noted for its wild ducks and terrapin, the theme of many a poet's song, has along its shore an island, once considered the "Garden Spot" of Dorchester County, but now known simply as Taylor's Island.

It lies southwest from Cambridge, parallel with Chesapeake Bay on the west, Slaughter Creek on the east, which separates it from the mainland, Punch Island Creek on the south, which separates it from Hooper's Island. By comparison of dates in the settlement of other parts of Dorchester county, Taylor's Island must have been settled at least as early as 1650-1655. Major Thomas Taylor sailed up the beautiful blue waters of the Chesapeake Bay, and marked off a tract of land one mile square, naming it after himself. Doubtless, he thought it a beautiful country. The magnificent oak and pine timber covering the land, formed a background for the grassy slope that came down to meet the sandy beach, where topped the waters of the Chesapeake Bay. It is said that the first settlers came from St. Mary's and Calvert counties. Among the first were Raymond Stapleton, Francis Armstrong and John Taylor. They cleared the land of timber, and made fine farms there. The cultivation of tobacco and corn was the principal employment of the people.

There was trouble with the Indians. A branch of the Algonquin tribe lived here before the white people came. When the settlers cut away the forests, and cultivated the soil, the Indians did not like it, and often attacked them, and burned their homes. Not only on Taylor's Island, but in all Dorchester county the Indians greatly troubled the settlers and hindered the advancement of the colonies. Life in those days seems to have been very primitive. When clothing was needed it had to be worn in loams at home, and sewed by hand. At one time it is said there was only one needle on Taylor's Island, and it was passed from one family to another when needed. There were no matches, and the people aimed to keep a fire day and night. If some one's fire went out they would go to a neighbor's to "borrow coals" to start another. Instead of stoves people cooked in immense fireplaces. When corn was to be ground it was taken to the windmill, a building supported high up in the air by one upright post, and set on four long arms to turn the machinery.

The oldest church on Taylor's Island was a Protestant, or Church of England, supposed to have been built in the early part of the eighteenth century. Bishop Francis Ashbury, the greatest Methodist missionary in America, writes of preaching in "our new church" in 1787. Freeborn Garrettson visited the Eastern Shore and preached in this same little church on the island. This church stood in what is now the Methodist burial ground, directly across the road from where the brick church now stands.

Not far from the brick church is another church in which the negroes worship in their own peculiar way. It was built in 1897, so that the negroes might have a church of their own. However, before this one was built they came to the gallery in the brick church.

When we compare conditions in the past hundred years, when there were no clocks, few carriages, and only candles and torch lights, with the present (Continued on Page 5)

My uncle had been expecting his son, Jack, home for a long time. Anyway, he thought he would be home for Christmas. Christmas Eve he received a telegram from Jack saying he would be unable to get home, but he was sending his friend Tom in his stead.

We started preparing for our unknown guest, making plans for a very special Christmas dinner, and hastily completed the decorating.

"I want you to meet my friend Tom. Lovingly, Jack."

LOUISE BARTON '30

RADIO LISTENERS LIKE STORIES

One of the most enjoyed features broadcast from WSMD, "The Voice of the Eastern Shore," is the children's song and story period, conducted by May Willis of our school. She is assisted by a group of Senior girls in the telling of the stories.

The sentiment of the listeners-in is shown in the following letter:

Princess Anne, Md.
December 5, 1928

Dear "Aunt May,"

I want to tell you how much we all appreciate the children's songs and stories from WSMD. My two children, Katherine, aged six, and Billie, aged four, wait anxiously each evening for "Aunt May" to tell them their bedtime story.

We all enjoy these programs very much. Even though I am supposed to have passed the bedtime story age, I love to listen to these delightful programs that the girls from the normal school so kindly give for us.

Katherine and Billy and I want to thank you for these little stories and songs, and hope you will continue them. Best wishes,

Mrs. J. R. C.

The following letter is printed with the permission of Fred P. Fahler, the Program Director and Announcer of the local station, WSMD.

WSMD Studio
Wicomico Hotel,
Salisbury, Md.

Miss May Willis,
State Normal School,
Salisbury, Md.
Dear "Aunt May,"

I want to express to you, and thru you to the students of the State Normal School who have been your able helpers, appreciation for the excellent programs of "Bedtime Stories" presented nightly through this station.

Judging from the numerous telephone calls which we have received, and from the very favorable comment which I personally have heard, these programs have indeed found great favor with our radio audience. It has been a pleasure to have you all with us, and I hope "Aunt May and her Helpers" will continue for some time to come.

Again thanking you, and wishing all of you a Merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year, I am,

Gratefully yours,

Fred P. Fahler, Jr.
Program Director
December 10, 1928

SPEAKS ON GOOD READING IN THE HOME

(Excerpts taken from Federalsburg Courier)

"The program of the meeting of the Woman's Club on Wednesday, November 14, was one of constructive value as well as pleasure to the members. The speaker of the afternoon was Miss Anne Matthews, instructor in English at the State Normal School, Salisbury. She used as the basis for her talk, the slogan, "More Good Books for Children in the Home," being accompanied by four Senior students of the school to supplement her address.

Miss Matthews opened her talk by speaking of the real joy of book companionship, and how the habit of reading should be encouraged in the home. Before five, a child reads stories from the pictures, employing his imagination to furnish the details. The love of fables and nursery rhymes is then strongest, while the picture book interest continues from six on past nine. Then comes a love of nature stories, stories in which animal figures become popular. Miss Matthews declared that the saying, "A good book for a child is a good book for an adult," is undeniably true, for the quality of literature for children should be subject to the same standards as for the adult. She deplored the "cheap" type of literature with which the present day market is flooded, and urged parents to select well illustrated editions of approved books. As an example of the universal appeal for the fairy tale age, Miss Matthews cited "Shen of the Sea," by Arthur Christman (which won

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SCROOGE LIVES FOREVER

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was saved from hitting his head against the street only by the quickness of Martin's actions, who had managed to catch him.

"Narrow escape, mister," said Martin, cheerfully, "but I judge you're no worse for the fall."

"Only because of your kindness; I am greatly indebted to you, sir. Why are you staring at me so? Jennie, hand me my cane, please."

"Jennie!" quavered Martin. "Tom! don't you know me?"

The old man peered into the other's face. "By all that's holy! Gary Martin."

"Tell me! Tell me! Where did you find her?" panted Gary Martin, pointing at the little girl, who was gazing at them both in utter amazement.

"In the Orphans' Home. She was put there after you left her," explained the girl's uncle.

"Jennie girl, this is your father." But the child only continued to stare in dull wonder.

"I have been the most miserable sinner possible; keep her, Tom, and teach her at least to have a generous spirit." Martin started off down the street.

"Martin, come back," called Tom Wheelton. "I can't find it in my heart to have a grievance against anybody on Christmas Eve, so come home with us and let us all have a merry Christmas."

Many were the remonstrances of Martin, but in the end the child and her uncle managed to get him to the car. When they came in sight of the cottage whose windows were gay with holly wreaths, and blazing with light, Jennie cried, "Won't Aunt Milly be delighted when she sees my very own daddy?" She laughed gleefully. After Milly Wheelton's first great surprise and amazement at beholding her brother she welcomed him into the bright house with joy. After the happy family were seated around the fire, the

thought crossed Martin's mind. "When thou givest thy gift is returned to thee in full measure," and he whispered a silent prayer.

"Listen!" Jennie broke off from her merry stream of chatter, and ran to the window and raised it.

As Martin listened an utter peace flooded his soul for from without came the voices from the village church, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

DORIS COOPER '30

P. T. A. PLANTS

TREES ON CAMPUS

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Joyce Kilmer, which was followed by the singing of the P. T. A. song.

Dr. Holloway accepted the tree in behalf of M. S. N. S. and said, "We accept this tree thankfully and reverently. You will notice that we have planted the oak to complete an equilateral triangle, the other two corners of which were formed by an oak presented in 1926 by members of a study group conducted here, and another oak which Miss Mabel Carney, for whom one of our literary societies is named, presented to our school. To me the triangle is symbolic of completeness, and here we have represented the church, the school, and the home."

Dr. Holloway also called the attention of the company gathered there to the fact that the tree was planted by the historic spade which dug the first spadeful of soil when the normal school was begun. Senator C. R. Disharoon, the chairman of the senatorial committee that prepared, introduced, and had passed the bill for this school, was the first one who used it. In later years this spade, which was originally chosen from common stock, will tell the story of S. N. S. in an interesting volume. Dr. Holloway then dedicated the oak tree just presented to perpetual service in the interests of children.

The P. T. A. tree planting was one of many lovely and inspirational programs held here at the State P. T. A. Among the others was a talk by Mr. Benson on "Profitable Use of Leisure Time." This talk by Mr. Benson was enjoyed quite as much as were the other interesting meetings held here and in Salisbury.

SPEAKS ON GOOD

READING IN THE HOME

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the John Newberry medal in 1925) a collection of humorous Chinese folk stories.

Miss Matthews also went into detail on the subject of poetry, stories for boys, and stories for girls. She was assisted in this by the Normal School girls, Miss Mary Hall, Miss Benlah Dixon, and Miss Ruth Anderson, who in each case told stories to illustrate a point made by the speaker. Miss Matthews' address was greatly appreciated by all who heard her.

The night of the day Miss Matthews spoke in Federalsburg she also gave an address in a meeting of the East New Market Parent Teacher Association. Here, too, she was assisted by the Senior girls.

TAYLOR'S ISLAND

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and its automobiles, auto trucks, and aeroplanes, we find that this place, as well as others, has made great progress in the last few years, but despite its present "up-to-dateness" Taylor's Island on the Chesapeake still has memories of its quiet, sleepy past.

Seen in a test paper—A scullion is a hedgehog.

"In the Beginning—"

A completion test reader—God made the animal and Satan let him pass for man.

HOLLY STICKERS

"Great Minds Run"

Miss Wilson—What is a problem lesson?

Dot Buffett—" * * * That's what Bagley and Keith says.

Miss Wilson—Yes, but what do you say?

Dot Buffett—I? Oh, I agree with Bagley and Keith.

Poor Jumbo

Senior I—The minerals found in South Africa are iron ore, coal and ivory.

Such Literature

Iris in a practice school—Since we are talking about this continent I'm going to tell you a story about it today. That is—I mean it's a true story.

S. N. S. Furniture Factory

What do you do to a nail after it has been driven in the varnish work of furniture?

One of the Juniors—Remove the nail and varnish over the hole.

Scene from a Zoo

Turner, to a fifth grade in her practice school—What does anecdote mean?

James—It's an animal something like a billy goat.

Lost and Found Bureau

Announcer from WSMI—You will now hear a vocal solo by Miss May Willis, accompanied by Miss Gladys E. Feldler—The Lost Chord.

Combustible?

A fluently speaking Senior in Oral Expression class—Whenever we are asked we should be ready to give an expontaneous speech.

The Holly Leaflet

CHRISTMAS EVE

Once there was a little boy named Jack. It was Christmas Eve and he had to go to bed early.

At eight o'clock he went to bed. Before his mother went downstairs he said, "Mother, stay up until Santa Claus comes so you can tell him I want a bicycle and some games. If he has something else that you think I'd like, tell him to leave that too, please. Oh, mother, do not forget to tell him to trim the Christmas tree, too."

Jack went to sleep and had happy dreams about Christmas.

WILLIAM T. SMITH JR.

Grade 3

SANTA CLAUS

Santa Claus comes with a bag full of toys.

Some for little girls and others for boys.

He comes in an airship but nobody knows

Exactly when he comes or where he goes. PHYLLIS WILLIAMS

Grade 3

MY CHRISTMAS ON A BOAT

Children should be happy at Christmas time. A few years ago I enjoyed Christmas Eve on a boat called "City of Hongkong."

All of the children were playing when the captain told us to come out and look at the Rock of Gibraltar. Then he told us we might have a Christmas party.

After dinner we heard a noise on the deck. After the noise some of the children began to cry. Then we heard a tapping on the window. The captain opened it and Santa Claus climbed in. He said "Merry Christmas."

All of the children said, "Merry Christmas."

We were given many toys. Then Santa Claus started away, the children called "Stop!" All of us hugged him.

The next morning we were out on the ocean. Our ship was rocking but I was very happy because I had many gifts. FLORENCE BYRD ALLEN

Grade 2

OUR SANDTABLE

We have learned many things about Indians and Pilgrims. We put Indians on the sandtable. Some of them were made of clothespins and others were made of corncobs. A few were made of clay. Real dolls were dressed like Indians. One little papoose was hanging in the breeze. Under the tree, an Indian chief sat smoking his pipe.

In the middle of the sandtable was a little river. In it were bark canoes.

On the other side of the river were two Pilgrims looking at the Indians. They were made of clothespins.

Our Indians and Pilgrims not fight. SHIRLEY POWELL

Grade 3

OUR BOOK

The primary class made a book. It was about Indians and Pilgrims. We invited fourth grade to see it.

In the book we drew scenes. Then we wrote different paragraphs that described them. The child that copied the paragraph best, read it. The one that drew the best scene showed it to our visitors.

We hope they enjoyed it. PHYLLIS WILLIAMS

Grade 3

BOBBY'S CHRISTMAS

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Bobby. His family was very poor. He wanted a good Christmas dinner.

His sister Betty told him to hunt for a wild turkey. Bobby took his little gun and went into the forest. After a while he found a path. In it he saw a turkey feather. He thought a turkey must be near by. He looked through the bushes. He saw a turkey

and shot his gun—Bang! His aim was true.

The family enjoyed their Christmas dinner. ROBERTA MORRIS

Grade 3

OUR HIKE

One Friday afternoon Miss Jamart invited everyone in the upper grades to go on a hike with her Saturday morning at eleven o'clock.

The next morning we all started promptly. Miss Jamart told us to be looking for sticks on which to cook weiners. After a while we saw a bull. Miss Jamart said he would chase me because I had on a red dress.

In a short time we arrived at Fook's Mill. We turned into a little road and went into the woods. Then we played games.

At twelve o'clock we built a fire and roasted "weiners" on sticks. After that we had some sugar buns. Some of the boys went to a farm house to get some water. When they came back we had a peanut scramble and a game of sprint ball.

We returned at 3:30. We told Miss Jamart we had a nice time, then we went home. PAULINE LONG

Grade 5

CHRISTMAS

Through the cold wintry snow.

The cold winds blow.

'Tis Christmas tide!

Through the snow Santa will ride!

'Tis twelve o'clock!

I hear a knock!

'Tis Santa!

'Tis Santa!

When the clock strikes eight

We run at a rate

To see what Santa brought us.

I see a train!

A horse and rein!

What a happy Christmas!

HENRY WHITE

Grade 6

EVENING

When the evening lamp is lit,
Beside the blazing fire I sit.
And my mother reads to me
The nicest stories there could be.

She reads about the bob-o-link,
And roses red and white and pink.
I love my mother sweet and kind,
With happiness she fills my mind.

EVELYN EKSTROM

Grade 6

LOCAL NEWS

The Fifth Grade made a sandtable scene of the Pilgrim colony and of the Virginia colony.

Our parents bought us many new books for our library.

Mrs. Allen has given us two talks on India. She did this in connection with Fifth Grade Geography.

Brandon McLaughlin brought us a bowl of fish for our room. There are two fish and some grass in the bowl. This makes our room more attractive.

We gave a play at the P. T. A. meeting. It was called "The Mad Tea Party."

ELEANOR LONG

Grade 6

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

Once upon a time there were two little girls. Their names were Mary and Betty. They were trying to be good before Christmas. It was nearly Christmas day. Mary said, "Mother, when are we going to buy our presents?"

"We are going to buy them today."

After several days had passed, they hung two stockings by the chimney and went to bed. The next morning they got up and went downstairs. What do you think they saw? They saw two big dolls, two baby carriages and some games. After that they had a happy Christmas.

RICHARD GRIFF

Grade 4